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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The writer spent the first half of April at York, Pa., and therefore had to rely on his friend, Mr. Harry E. Stevens, to supply the information which makes up the account of EASTER AT ALL SOULS', April 4th, 1926. Though seemingly late in reporting, it retains historical value which makes it worth giving now.

Easter is a great Church day every where, but it is generally something more to All Souls' Church for the Deaf, where the service attracts the deaf within a wide radius and is adapted to them. Immediately following this service, or as the last part of it, came the unveiling of a memorial tablet to the late Rev. C. O. Dantzer. The usual Easter decorations were evident and the attendance above two hundred and fifty.

The service began with Holy Communion, the Pastor, Rev. Warren M. Smaltz, M. A., S. T. B., being celebrant, and he was assisted by the Rev. James O. McIlhenny, Rector of the Church of the Resurrection, and long identified with Church Work Among the Deaf here. The sermon was preached by the Pastor from the text I St. John 2: 17; the subject being "THE ETERNAL BLESSEDNESS OF OBEDIENCE."

"And the world passeth away, and the lust hereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

"We are met here today to observe again the recurring festival of Easter. It is one of the two great festivals in the Christian calendar that we observe with more than ordinary gladness. As on Christmas we celebrate the anniversary of our Lord's birth, so on Easter we rejoice in His victory over death. Just as Christmas and the holy Nativity emblemize our ideals of a new earth, so does Easter and the Resurrection pledge our hope of Heaven. In the former we see our promise of a better world in which to live, with peace on earth and goodwill to men." In lies our warrant for the daily petition: "Thy Kingdom come." In the latter we are lead to look heavenward—to the contemplation of those things, beyond human knowledge, which God has prepared for them that love Him. Christmas emphasizes for us the possibility of a heaven upon earth, if only men will be governed by the moving spirit of God. Then, lest we gain a wrong perspective, Easter comes to remind us of this world's transitory nature.

Our text will therefore be the 17th verse in the second chapter of the First Epistle of Saint John, which says: "And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he who doeth the will of God abideth forever." This text resolves itself naturally into two lines of thought; first, the transitory character of the world; and second, our hope of immortality and the conditions prescribed for attaining it.

I. The transitoriness of the world is almost synonymous with the brief span of our earthly existence. Nature and human life are full of analogies; a fact which is nowhere better witnessed than in our Ninetieth Psalm—the Psalm which we love to repeat at the burial of our dead. Life is compared to a fiftful slumber; to a flood—the waters high now, and now disappeared and swallowed up in be boundless ocean; to grass, luxuriantly green today, dried up and withered tomorrow—to a tale that is told, of which the memory alone remains, the words being gone forever.

These analogies are real. No man can walk through life without being impressed by them. "Today it is Spring, and the face of the earth is awakening to life, like the first signs of expressive intelligence upon the face of a little child in its mother's arms. Soon we will feel the stationary heat of Summer, which is the symbol of ripe manhood, with its toil, its responsibility, its burden of duty. Then comes the Fall of the year, when forest and field grow beautiful in colors of saffron and gold as they prepare for the sleep of winter. How often human character corresponds, in that we take no conscious thought for beautifying our own souls until death is visibly near. The sure cycle is completed with the advent of stern Winter, which comes all too soon upon us. So does old age often overtake us unawares. To those who are young, the winter of the year may impart only a feeling of melancholy, but to the aged its effect is chastening. But all alike are impressed with a sense of transitoriness of things.

II. This sense of ephemerality carries with it also a feeling of loss. We are impressed with the resistless flight of time. In our early years every thing constitutes a new and interesting adventure. Youth stands on the threshold of life, and is fired with enthusiasm and the pure joy of living. Behind youth lies nothing for which serious thought need be taken; but who shall say what new discoveries, what thrilling adventures, may not lie ahead? Every sensation every association, is new; and even pain is interesting by its novelty. But time soon ends all that; and presently we find only a dreary monotony. Every pleasure and every pain is measured then by its effect upon old wounds, by its excitation of past memories. Youth embarks upon the sea of life, Columbus-like, to explore uncharted waters; but age, like an Alexander, longs

for new sensations, for new worlds to explore and conquer.

Thus do we reach that stage in our earthly existence when every thing seems only a loss. Numberless pleasant intimacies have departed never more to be seen in this world. The very peaks before us which we see filled today, were occupied by others but a year ago. Measured by the ceaseless changes which we see on every hand, it seems almost a long while since this pulpit, which I now occupy, was so ably filled by my predecessor, the late Mr. Dantzer. Time exacts its heavy toll, and every passing year adds its burden to our sense of loss. We float down the river of time, borne upon its rapid, resistless current. At first every scene is pleasantly new as we drift further and further down the stream. Now we see fertile valleys and broad green plains, now we pass through stern and rocky gorges. Soon we reach the widening bay, beyond which we can see the boundless ocean. Forgotten are the alluring green shores in the very wonder of it. So does the world lose much of its spell upon us as the soul seeks to pierce the mystery of eternity. Every thing seems transitory. Or at most, it is only recurring, like the ceaseless ebb and flow of the tides. God seems to be saying to us, as He has said to Moses: "Pause, and number thy days; for thy are numbered."

"III. Again, we will come to feel a sense of futility, of non-attainment. At first the tide of youth rises high with hope. Ambition, the desire for great achievement, spurs us on to realize our unlimited aspirations. We are encouraged by the sight of numberless cunning inventions, of science triumphing over the seemingly impossible, until we almost believe that man has finally conquered Nature. All about us are the marvels wrought by mechanical genius. The voice of man has leaped the oceans; his powers of flight have conquered the air; his engines of speed are reducing whole continents to the comparative size of his ancestral estates.

But presently we see the material progress for what it really is: a mirage, a mere hallucination of the brain. When we are gone, then all of it will mean for us no more than the mere measure of our toil; so does the vision of the oasis spur the thirst-crazed desert traveller on and on, until he falls, exhausted, upon the blazing sands. It impels him to cover a few more leagues of weary distance, and that is all. Today we may ramble among the ruins of Nineveh, or gaze in wonder at the Pyramids of Egypt. But what of the people who built them? They are dead, not once fired with the lust of achievement, even as we are now? Tyrant and benefactor, master and slave among them, all alike are gone. The evidence of their futile toil alone remains, valueless or in ruins. To employ again the words of the Psalmist, "we fade away suddenly like the grass." The names of great men who once awed the world, are today only memories. Eyes which shone not once fired with the lust of achievement, even as we are now? Tyrant and benefactor, master and slave among them, all alike are gone. The evidence of their futile toil alone remains, valueless or in ruins. To employ again the words of the Psalmist, "we fade away suddenly like the grass."

4. And not only is the world itself transitory, but even "the lust thereof" passeth away. Though the span of life is limited, our capacity for enjoying the world is more circumscribed still. There is something about earthly pleasures which speedily cloy the palate, like the partaking of too much sweets. Only in the period of unsatiated youth can we say with the poet: My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky! All too soon the rainbow, the wet green grass, the bursting brook, the freshly cleared morning, fail to excite, even in heart and zest of life which we knew in youth. In time even the excitement of commercial enterprise or the burning fever of the gaming table, lose their power of attraction. In proportion as we drink deeply we are satiated.

It is a spectacle for men and angels where a man has become prematurely old in his experience of the world, has been satiated with its pleasures before his time. Such there are who would gladly have done with the whole thing at once and exchange the garment for the shroud. The pity of it is that so few have learned he blessedness of right living. Far too many of us have made our lives a mere round of monotonous daily performances. Habits of labor and worry over earthly things, the struggle for fame and wealth, have chained us more and more securely to the world. Just so does a tree, in its effort to attain a larger growth, send its roots deeper and deeper into the soil in quest of moisture, and in doing so binds itself more firmly to the ground. We cling desperately to our earthly existence, not because it is wholly pleasant and agreeable, but because eternity seems so very distant.

Such is life! We journey through it as a child travels in a railway train. Outside the window he sees the landscape circling rapidly away from his view. Rivers, mountains, plains, alternately present themselves to his enchanted gaze. It is vain to argue with him that he is experiencing an optical illusion; that he himself, and not the landscape is doing the actual moving. He is heedless of time. A little while, and he is already wearied. The train rushes onward to its destination, but he has already fallen into the slumber of oblivion.

If this world be all, then it may be wise so to live. But all our being cries against the thought of total annihilation. The kind word we have spoken, the generous impulse we have felt, the noble thoughts we have entertained, the pure affection we have given to family and friends—can these pass away utterly? Can they die? The world, and all our desire for worldly things, may pass away; but the soul which has known a conscious obedience to the will of God has already received the knowledge of a life everlasting.

II. There is, then, a right direction, an educative use, to which our earthly existence can be put. The venerable Saint John has told this: "he who doeth the will of God abideth forever." There is emphasis upon the word "doeth."

In contrast to the transitoriness of the world, we are taught to realize that stability of labor. Christian life must be one of action—not mere speculation, not debating, but doing. Even our proverbs, which are the distillation of human experience, tell us that—we say a tree is known by its fruits, that actions speak more authoritatively than words. Your feelings change, your opinions are mutable; but what you do, that remains—remains in you. Man, we are told is a creature of habit. What else does that mean but that our characters, our real selves, are only what our repeated acts have made them? What we have done for God, for Christ, that and that only is what we shall be through all eternity. For "wherefore should God destroy the work of thy hands?" You may think justly, feel rightly, but what of your acts? "This do," said Jesus to the inquiring lawyer, "and thou shalt live."

There is then a distinction between the act and the actor. It is not the thing which has been done, but the doer of it, who lasts. A kind deed may be forgotten by the recipient, but the effect of that kindness upon the giver will never disappear. The thirst-quenching may be offered, in the name of Christ, to one unworthy of receiving it; but who will believe that the love which prompted its giving will have passed away? The love of Christ is as real, is as potent today as ever it was on the Cross of Calvary.

An act may fail, but the doer of it abideth forever. It is this very principle which makes the Resurrection of our Lord on that first Easter morn so comfortingly real to us. We may doubt, like Thomas, the reality of His bodily Resurrection from the grave; but even so, we know that His spirit of sacrifice, His sympathy, His divine love for erring humanity—all these things abide forever. No chance circumstances of bodily corruption, of physical decay, can effect their enduring permanence. Now, as then, we may kneel in wonder before that measureless Divine love, and exclaim with Thomas: "My Lord, and my God!" For is it not the physical presence of Christ, not his earthly body, which can save us, our salvation, our hope for a life to come, rest upon His love for us. And that love, displayed once at its fullest on the Cross, we know can never die. Even so it is with those who die in the Lord: "They rest from their labors," saith the Spirit, "and their works do follow them."

2. But observe, that our actions merely as such are of small avail. "Bodily exercise," said the Apostle, "profiteth little. Our acts must be in conformity with the Divine desire. "He who doeth the will of God," he only "abideth forever." The self-surrender of Gethsemane and the submission on the Cross, these preceded Easter and the Resurrection. Obedience is the vehicle of spiritual knowledge, the divinely ordained means by which the soul attains to a near fellowship with God. It makes us fellow-laborers with Him. As a man who continuously copies a painted masterpiece grows to a comprehension of the genius which produced the picture, so does the soul attain its knowledge of the Creator. The life of the spirit, immortality—these are things which our physical senses never revealed to man.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." And not only has human eye never seen, but it never can see, the Heaven of eternity. Only obedience, the things of the spirit, can ever open for us the door of eternal reality. We are commanded so to live that our souls, having outgrown the things of the world, even as a child outgrows its toys, may pass naturally into the endless maturity of everlasting life.

We will soon proceed to honor with a memorial tablet, the memory of one to whom we had looked for example and guidance. It may seem intrinsically desirable to do this; but we must think superficially often solace themselves with the hope of a posthumous reputation; they think that after death their true worth will be discovered. To do this there is something exquisitely painful in the thought that we may die and be forgotten. A memorial in imperishable bronze may so lace the heart which still beats with the rhythm of life; but to the eye which has turned into dust it is a matter of supreme indifference. When the eye is forever closed the heart forever still—what matters it whether storms rage over his grave? Or men cherish his memory? He sleeps well. For him the world has passed away, and the lust thereof. What matters it to him what is said of him? Or what posterity will think of him? He rests forever from his labor. He has entered into the joy of his Lord.

Why then do we honor with a suitable memorial the memory of him who died in the Lord? It is to perpetuate the memory of his earthly labors? Let us not be deceived. The store of worldly goods which a man may lay by him are ephemeral, perishable. Popularity and earthly fame rest upon the unstable foundation of a fickle public opinion. Even a superior knowledge—the produce of a lifetime of effort and industry, may all be brought to naught by the ravages of some fever-producing delirium and forgetfulness. Only character, only the human soul moulded into the image of the Divine, remains untouched by the vicissitudes of time. The inner loveliness of a heart that feared God survives, when all else has returned to the dust from which it came. And in our own imperfect way we symbolize this fact when we honor, with a memorial, the memory of one who walked humbly with his God.

The application of this in our own lives is obvious. All things must be measured by the Cross. Do you wish success? The Cross is failure. Do you desire fame? The Cross is derision and shame. Do you seek to be happy in this life? The Cross is sharpness and pain. Do you live that the will of God may be done, in you and by you, in life and in death? Then obedience, the Spirit of the Cross are in you. The world and its desires pass away, but the man who has learned this has put his foot upon the Rock of Ages. For him Easter and the

Resurrection contain only happiness, only joyful reality. When all else is gone, he at least abides forever.

After the celebration of Holy Communion, a procession formed, led by the Choir, (Mrs. Warren M. Smaltz, Mrs. Charles W. Waterhouse, Miss Anna Mathews, Miss Iva D. DuGan, Miss Lillian F. Leaming, Mrs. William G. Thomas,) then Lay Readers Lipsett and Stevens, the clergy, Reverends Smaltz and McIlhenny, with the congregation following in the rear, and proceeded up the centre aisle to the vestibule which separates the church from the parish-house. There, near the main entrance to the church and Parish House, on the east wall, the memorial tablet was unveiled by the little granddaughter of the man whose memory it was designed to honor, Maud Dantzer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Dantzer. Rev. Drs. Louis C. Washburn and Charles Bratten DuBell joined the clergy in the exercises here. After Rev. Smaltz had made the dedicatory address, each of the hearing clergy present added a short eulogistic address, interpreted in signs by Mr. Joseph E. Lipsett. Then Miss Lillian F. Leaming signed Hymn 179, which was followed by the Benedictio.

The inscription on the memorial tablet is as follows:

IN MEMORY OF
CHARLES ORVIS DANTZER, M.A.
BORN SEPT. 19, 1864 DIED OCT. 26, 1924
For Nineteen Years the Pastor of All Souls' Church—1904-1923

The Church, Parish House and Rectory were acquired during his Pastorate. This Church is in true sense his monument. Erected by the deaf, 1926.

N. B. Owing to the length of this account, news items will be postponed until next week.

J. S. R.

Eastern Iowa.

Some weeks ago the deaf of Davenport, Iowa, met at Mr. and Mrs. Chas. M. Sharrar's home, where they formed a society, called Davenport Foundation Fund Club. Mrs. O. T. Osterberg was chosen as a chairman and Mr. W. A. Nelson as a Secretary-Treasurer. There were about twelve present. Others could not come because of bad weather.

Mrs. Ida Doescher, of Clinton, Ia., is getting along happily with her hearing husband and four bright children. Her husband is a salesman for the Cudahy Packing Co., in Clinton, Ia.

Walter Hildendorf lives in Lyons, Ia., a suburban of Clinton. He lives with his mother and takes care of her.

April 17th, the deaf of the Tri-Cities had a Guessing Party at the I. O. O. F. Hall. A good sum was realized, which will go to the N. F. S. D. Convention delegation.

Harold H. Christensen has quit his job as a draftsman at the Gordon-Van Tine Co., two weeks ago, where he has been employed since last fall, and gone to accept a similar position for W. J. Brown (Architect) at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Mr. Jacob Cohen, of Des Moines, was in Mercy Hospital a couple of weeks recently, where he underwent a slight operation and is getting along fine. Will soon be home and back to his old job as a newspaper boy. His hearing brother is manager of the news stand in the C. R. I. and P. R. K. station in Davenport, Ia., and is getting along fine.

Some weeks ago Mr. Frank Neysens, of Chicago, Ill., met with a painful accident while employed by the Yellow Cab Co. He just gave up of his work and went to work as a salesman for the same company for physician's assorted adhesive tapes.

On April 10th Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Osterberg and Mr. Theodore Elvert motored to Clinton, Ia., where they were guests at Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Walliker's home. They left at a late hour and had a nice visit and trip.

Mr. Theodore Elvert, who has been in California for the past five years, came to Davenport, Ia., last month to stay with his parents for the spring.

Even the ragman has his ups and downs. Clippings from tailors' shops, which a year ago were only worth four and a half cents a pound, now sell for ten and a half, and those that are nearly all wool bring as high as twenty-two cents a pound. The next thing we know the ragman will be driving around in a six-cylinder car.

Akron, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Seinensohn and Mr. and Mrs. W. McConnell motored to Niles, Ohio, a recent Saturday and stayed over Sunday with the parents of Mrs. Seinensohn and McConnell, and enjoyed a big dinner.

Robert Bradley has come to Akron with Mr. and Mr. C. B. Ensworth, after their recent vacation trip touring in their Chandler car over the East as far as South Carolina, coming back through Kentucky and stopped at the Kentucky School for the Deaf, where they met A. D. Martin, who is a teacher and physical director at that school. Mr. Bradley hopes to land his old job as a machinist at the Goodyear.

The Akron Division, No. 55, N. F. S. D., gave a dramatic play, entitled "Never Again," in the Chapel of the Children's Home on South Arlington Street, Saturday evening, April 10th, and it turned out a huge success. All characters in the play did well. The crowd was one of the largest Akron Division has drawn for such a play for some time. Those who starred in the play are William Pfunder, Frank Andrewjeski, C. M. Thompson, Russel Shannon, M. H. W. Smith, Mrs. George Murphy and Miss Ella Berry.

Mr. and Mrs. Welton Stover, of Cleveland, stayed over Sunday, April 11th, with Mr. and Mrs. V. I. Butterbaugh, at 1570 Preston Avenue. A lady ran her car into Mr. Stover's Flint, which was parked out on the street, but satisfactory arrangement was made to pay all damages by the lady. When trying his car for repairs at the Flint garage, they made such a good offer for Mr. Stover's old Flint car, so that he rode back to Cleveland in a shiny new gray Flint touring car.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Litchfield, of Cleveland, stayed over Sunday, April 11th, with Mr. and Mr. J. O. Hamersly, on Preston. Mr. Litchfield is employed in the Fisher body plant.

A surprise birthday for Mrs. J. Leopold and Mrs. Winifred Roller was engineered by forty friends at the home of Herschel Taylor, Fifth Avenue, on Sunday, April 11th. A collection was taken up which amounted to \$40.00, showed how high they are esteemed by their friends.

F. R. Keard is having his new \$9,000 semi-bungalow under construction on Malasia Road, Goodyear Heights. They expect to complete the house by the first of June. There will be room for two automobiles in the basement, 5 rooms and bath on first floor, and 4 rooms and bath on second floor. The house will be finished throughout with oak. It occupies an advantageously overlooking hill out in the woods near the end of Goodyear Heights.

John M. Jacobson, who is employed as a linotype operator at the Times-Press office, has bought a lot in Goodyear Heights and expects to have a new seven room house going up this spring.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Mohr, of Cleveland, stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Bauer on Hamlin Street, and Mr. and Mrs. Munger stayed with Ayers on Malasia Road, after the Saturday entertainment.

Miss Lizzie Tussell, of Alabama, employed in the Heel Department at the Goodyear Company, was struck by an automobile while crossing the streets, and taken to City Hospital. At this writing it is reported she is slightly improved, and is at her rooming house.

Arthur Rasmussen has traded his old buick touring car for a new 1925 Buick sedan, which will be delivered shortly.

Chas. Weaver traded his Buick touring car for a new Hudson Broughman recently and is now polishing up for the trip to Chicago Division, No. 1's Jubilee celebration. He has got passengers to fill up his car for the trip.

The Akron Advance Society for the Deaf held its business meeting on Sunday afternoon of April 11th in the Goodyear Hall. It has decided to hold a Box Supper Social some time soon to buy a thermostat for the heating system of the Ohio Home for the Aged Deaf, and to hold a joint picnic with the Cleveland Silents Auto Club and the Akron Pennsylvania Club, on July 4th and 5th, at some place to be chosen later.

X. I. Zitnik was chosen to direct the Akron Division, No. 55, N. F. S. D.'s, annual picnic to be held on August 8, 1926. Hamersly and V. I. Butterbaugh have been chosen to assist him in shaping out the best picnic ever to be held. Efforts will be made to de-tour Brother Meagher's special car of western delegates to the N. A. D. convention to Akron and stop over for a day to equip them with special rubber necks and enjoy our picnic. As Akron is only eleven hours train ride from Washington, D. C., the delegates from the west might as well plan to stop one, two or three days in Akron, and see our great rubber factories and picnic. Trains for Washington leave Akron at 7:41 and 9:30 that evening, which will take them to Washington in time for the opening of the convention next morning. So plan your trip through Akron when going to Washington.

Mrs. Harry Dobson and children have returned home from Iowa, where they were called by serious illness of her mother. She passed away shortly after their arrival in Nevada, Iowa.

A large number of Akronites went to attend the Cleveland St. Agnes Mission of the Deaf's entertainment Saturday evening, April 17th. A good many however, preferred to attend Canton's Box Supper Social given by the deaf of that place, on the same date.

W. Townsend has sold his property on Preston Avenue, and after attending the barber college a few weeks, expects to move to Florida and engage in that trade. His wife and children leave for a prolonged visit with relatives in South Carolina soon.

F. D. Dranginus has traded his old star car for a new six cylinder Star sedan. There are about fifty deaf auto owners in Akron, which shows the deaf of this town are prosperous.

J. O. HAMERSLY.
1570 PRESTON AVENUE.
April 17, 1926.

POLICEMAN BADLY HURT IN COLLISION

HARRY STEVENSON SUFFERS FRACTURED SKULL WHEN AUTO COLLIDES WITH DEPARTMENT MOTORCYCLE.

Patrolman Harry Stevenson, 40 years old, of 1746 West Eleventh Street, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert N. Stevenson of 1128 East 14th Street Brooklyn, is in the Coney Island Hospital to-day suffering from a fracture of the skull and internal injuries. Stevenson is attached to Motorcycle Squad 2. He was driving a Police Department motorcycle at Bay Parkway and Sixty-fifth Street yesterday when an automobile driven by a man who described himself as Dr. Albert Wax, of 1014 Avenue J, collided with the motorcycle.

According to the police of the Bath Beach station, Stevenson was thrown ten feet to the pavement. After the accident happened the doctor rushed the injured man to the Coney Island Hospital.

THOSE LACONIC DEAF PEOPLE!

Chief of Police Elmer Watt of Lincoln Park blows a mean whistle, remarks Towace, N. J., correspondent of the Newark Evening News under date of April 3. But yesterday afternoon, when a large sedan sped through the center of the village he blew and blew, but made no impression on the driver.

Leaping into his own car the officer pursued. The chase led over the hill into Towoca, where Watt, after running alongside the speeders, blew again, then cut the fugitives off.

Usually the speech of the traffic cop provokes a commonplace reply, but not Chief Watts. His was answered with a gesture—the driver handed him a pad and a pencil. The driver, Henry Coene of 169 Pompton road, Paterson, and his companion were deaf-mutes.

"How fast were you going? Thirty?" the chief wrote.

"More than that," replied the driver.

"Forty?"

"No."

Coene will appear Thursday before Recorder Kline to tell it to the judge.

The Capital City.

Cherry trees are in full bloom. Plans have already been completed to start operation of the "Cherry Blossom" busses around the Tidal Basin. The busses start at seventeenth and B Streets, N. W., every few minutes throughout the blooming period. Those Cherry Blossom trees around the Tidal Basin are single blossom trees. The others in East Potomac Park will bud about a week later. Thousands are seen going with their cameras and kodaks.

All the Washington deaf, it seems, are happy that the outcome of the Coming N. A. D. Convention will be fine, as there is plenty of money in the treasury and the smile of our Local Treasurer, Roy Stewart will not come off.

Mrs. Pearl Gatton was heard from. She has been ill for some time. At present she is preparing to go to her married brother and family in upper Michigan for a long rest. Her brother, Leon French, has bought a new auto and will motor with his family to see his aged father and old home in Minnesota.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindholm, teachers of the Staunton School for the Deaf, were in Washington Palm Sunday, the guests of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Pulver. They were at the Palm Sunday services and returned to Staunton, Va., Sunday evening.

For the benefit of the Local N. F. S. D., a pleasant and interesting Social was given at the Masonic Temple Saturday evening, April 10th. It was a profitable success and a large attendance.

The "500" Card club which was organized several years ago by Mrs. Merrill is still alive, so are the old members.

Miss Ruth Leitch is still staying with her friends on Varnum Street, and she has a fine position at the Woodward and Gothrop with whom she has been with for over seven years.

All deaf are busy this month—spring house cleaning.

Most of the deaf are having their houses remodeled and painted.

Almost all the married deaf own their homes in Washington, D. C. Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Buxton, of Detroit perhaps will attend the Washington N. A. D. Convention in August, as they expect to go to attend the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in the fall as the guests of their son Ralph, with whom they have not seen for nearly three years.

It is said that the Memorial Monument "To the Motherhood of America," will soon be erected in Washington.

"Lest we forget," we warn the deaf who are coming to the N. A. D. Convention to write at once to Mr. W. P. Souder, Census Bureau, Washington, D. C. for information.

The one great desire of all deaf people is to visit the Capital building. Those who have had the pleasure of seeing this building will never forget it.

The Capitol is one of the most noted buildings in American history. It contains historic statues from each State of the Union. On bronze doors are carved with the life of Christopher Columbus upon them. The Capitol contains the Supreme Court Chamber. Many wonderful pieces of Artistic works are displayed in the various Chambers of the Capitol.

The gigantic dome with the Goddess Liberty giving light and welcome to all who enter our ports. Standing as it does on the beautiful Capitol hill, at the east end of the historic Pennsylvania Avenue, over which the earth's greatest patriots have trod.

William T. Pierson's second verse of the song "Washington," is a greater tribute to our great Capitol. It reads as follows:

"Celebrate we the power of State, which law and order calls,
With the lofty dome that proclaims its home
In the Capitol's great halls.
Laurels bring, as the praise we sing
Of the men with courage high
To protect the land, for the right to stand,
And for freedom, live or die."

Mrs. C. C. COLBY.
515 Ingraham, N. W.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, APRIL 29, 1926.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue), is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

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To Canada and Foreign Countries, - \$2.50

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to base,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

A MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE.

CHAPTER II

NAPLES

On the way from Monaco to Naples we passed the island of Elba, on which the great Napoleon lived a year before his exile to St. Helena. Also Corsica, of vendetta fame, and Sardinia. We go to Naples for a stay of two days on the return trip, so what I write here is only a part of what will be said about Naples. The harbor of Naples is very fine, wide and protected. We reached there at night, while in the land of Morpheus, therefore, we did not see Vesuvius until morning. The great volcano seems but a few miles away, but probably is twenty or more. It could be plainly seen, shooting up great volumes of smoke, sometimes tinged with flame. We looked on it with fascination. It has a round, wide cone, much larger and more active than Mt. Pelee, which we saw at Martinique last year. After the health officers' visit, and the customs office regulations had been complied with, we took automobiles in waiting near the Custom House, and with necks craned towards Vesuvius, started for the Naples Cathedral, which was the first stop of this particular shore excursion.

The cathedral is filled with remarkable busts of bronze, marble statues, and mural paintings. The walls and ceiling are decorated with group paintings that have a religious significance, and are marvelous examples of what the old masters have accomplished with the brush and easel. We were conducted to a chapel that had evidently been destroyed and in part replaced. Forming a part of its side walls were patches of artistic work that had escaped utter destruction, the white plaster areas lending a heightening effect to their distinct beauty. One framed oil painting probably had merits as a work of art, but its surface was so rough and curled as to require time to recognize any pictured representation. The guide hurried us away.

After half an hour spent in a lofty arcade, the autos took us to the museum. This building is very large and solidly constructed. With the exception of statues of some of the Emperors and great men of Rome—such as the Caesars, Socrates, Herodotus, etc.—it seems filled with relics dug from Pompeii and Herculaneum, destroyed by the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius in 79 A.D. There are mounted figures on horseback in bronze, that were made from castings of plaster poured through holes in hollow spots, when the ruins of Pompeii were uncovered. Instruments used by doctors, scales, lamps, braziers, jewelry, are arrayed in glass-covered cases. There are statuesque would judge to be the lares and penates of the household. Numberless busts and identified figures of celebrities of ancient days impress one with awe at the terrible calamity that swallowed up two cities and thousands of lives, when the lava and ashes from Vesuvius buried them nearly two thousand years ago.

After quitting the museum, we were driven over picturesque parts of Naples, stopping for luncheon at the palatial Hotel Excelsior. The meal was splendid—in napery, silver, crystal, floral decorations, viands and wine. Music enlivened the assemblage of diners in the great dining salon, and twice every one was brought to his or her feet when the strains of the Star Spangled Banner and God Save the King were played.

The excursion wound up with a

visit to San Martino, from which great heights the City of Naples, the bay and the volcano beyond, were spread before the view. The Aquarium also was visited and the strange sea fish were shuddered at or admired, according to the emotion their shape and color inspired.

Through narrow and populous streets, we were taken to the Adriatic an hour before the time set for sailing.

I took a snap at the view presented at San Martino, but time alone can decide if the picture will develop clearly.

Today is Sunday, and I attended the Episcopal service in the library. The Captain conducted it, and the entire assemblage joined in the hymns. One of the ladies next to whom I sat, showed me the prayers, lessons, and hymns of the service.

We have passed through the Strait of Messina that divides Italy and Sicily, and are now steaming through the Ionian Sea. We will go through the Cerigo Channel, past the Grecian Archipelago, to Athens—at least that is what the map says.

We are enjoying splendid weather, neither too cold or too warm, with plenty of sunshine. I only hope you are having half as good climatic conditions in New York during the changeable days of March.

We met a passenger on board who was with us on the Montroyal cruise to the West Indies last year. He is Mr. Albert Herzing, President of the great woolen company at St. Mary's, Ohio (near Cincinnati).

ATHENS, GREECE.

We left Naples on Saturday night, March 13th, about five o'clock, and steamed down the coast to the Strait of Messina. Italy is shaped like a boot, and at the toe is separated from Sicily by the Strait of Messina, through which we went into the Ionian Sea, through Cerigo Channel into the Sea of Candia, past the Cyclades Islands, and dropped anchor at Phaleron Bay at Athens, Greece.

A view of Athens from the ship is anything but inviting. The city meets the bay in shape something like a horseshoe. It appears to be built on a rock, or clay, embankment. There is noted the total absence of trees, and no greensward greets the eye—only white houses on an extensive bank of yellow clay. As the tender passed into a channel which seemed to form the port, we were in landing met by automobiles. They held five or six persons, and were very comfortable.

We were taken at once to the Acropolis. As you probably know that means the city fortress. (When I was a boy, I learned that *Acro* means a fort, and *Polis*, a city.) Our route was along dusty roads, in some parts badly in need of repair, but the trip was worth it. High up on an immense rock the Acropolis was built hundreds of years before the birth of Christ. There is a feeling of wonder at the sublime genius that flourished in the days of ancient Greece. Their masterpieces of art and sculpture and construction are amazing. How they got the huge pillars and sculptured friezes into such perfect symmetry and shape, is beyond comprehension.

Five hundred years before Christ came on earth, the supermen of Greece chiseled statues and reliefs almost divine in their perfection, and planted lessons of architecture that have been copied for more than twenty centuries—lessons that so nearly compassed the perfection of art and good taste, that beyond mere metal and masonry we have been able to add little of value to them since. The ancient civilization and glory of the Greeks has passed away—their greatness in war, statesmanship, oratory, art, and poetry—but their consummate temples have wonderfully survived.

The most imposing of all the different buildings is the Parthenon, where men in ancient times gathered to listen to oratory and debate. It was built 437 years before Christ. It has 46 Doric columns (8 at each end and 17 along the sides—the corner columns being counted twice). They are 44 feet high and have a diameter of 6 feet 2 inches. The entrance to the Acropolis has several Ionic columns, but we did not count them. It is called the Erechtheion, and is not in as good a state of preservation as the Parthenon.

We also saw the Hill of the Pnyx, where Pericles and Demosthenes delivered their eloquent speeches.

At one side of the Acropolis is Mars Hill, where St. Paul, fifty-four years after Christ, preached to the Athenians about the true God, and converted many to Christianity.

It would take a long time to study the marvels of the Acropolis and a book to elucidate them.

We were next taken to lunch at the Grande Bretagne Lampsa, which is diagonally about a block from the Athenian Palace, where the king formerly resided. In front is a quite pretty park, with foliage and flowers in abundance. We also found the principal streets of Athens paved with asphalt, cleanly cared for and lined with shade trees.

We were shown the University, the Monastery, the residence of the Greek Patriarch, and the museum. Athens is really a very lovely and modern city. But as it was the day of a Carnival and a holiday, all the

stores were tightly closed and the throngs of school children, in care of tutors, many young men and young ladies, seemed to be having a joyous time.

CONSTANTINOPLE

In my last letter mailed yesterday. I wrote about Athens. It was a quite short description of that city and its famous Acropolis, but I had no time to observe as we were whizzed along in autos.

We left that stronghold of great warriors at five p.m., and passed Phaleron Bay to the Aegean Sea to the Dardanelles, the key to Constantinople and the Bosphorus. It is a strip of water not unlike a canal, and is forty miles in length. They say it is strongly fortified, but we saw but one fort, on the opposite side of Chanak, about half way along the Dardanelles, where we halted to take the Turkish doctor and police aboard, for the perfunctory performance of official duties.

This Dardanelles is the gate to the Aegean Sea and the Sea of Marmora, from which the way is opened to the Golden Horn at Constantinople, the Bosphorus and the Black Sea. In the recent World War the English and French war ships tried to force a passage of the Dardanelles but failed. Whether or not it was a war strategy one can not decide. The British, however, came upon Turkey through Palestine.

We anchored in the Golden Horn at six o'clock on Tuesday evening, March 16th, and immediately after dinner went ashore on a tender, but returned after a short carriage drive, as the streets in general are poorly lighted, so we could not see much. A great many of the passengers went to theatres, dance halls and cabarets, which are numerous and cater a good class of patrons. At nine next morning we started on the regular shore excursion in automobiles.

The gaze, as we boarded the tender, was upon the great panorama made by Constantinople, dotted with minarets that thrust their slender tips skyward, towering the dome-shaped mosques, palatial buildings with beautiful gardens, and the narrow winding streets. The one-time residence of the Sultans, Stamboul, lay across the bridge connecting the new Constantinople constructed by King Constantine over five hundred years ago.

Having read much of St. Sophia, we were of course very eager to see this famous church. At one time it belonged to the Christians, but by conquest became a Mohammedan Mosque. They changed the altar, which formerly faced in the direction of Jerusalem, to face towards Mecca. It is a wonderful structure, domed at the top and surrounded by smaller domes, with four lofty minarets about twenty yards from the building at each corner of the high stone wall by which it is encompassed. We were obliged to put slippers over our shoes before being allowed to enter. The vast floor space is covered with rugs, and the inside of the domes, pillars and supporting arches, are beautifully painted and tiled.

The Mosque of Sultan Suleiman requires those who enter to take off their shoes or wear slippers over them which are put on by attendants. It is the most beautifully decorated interior that I have ever seen. The domes, pillars, arches and recesses, are all covered with blue figured tiling, looking as fresh and new as if placed there yesterday. The floor, which is nearly as large as that of St. Sophia, is covered with costly rugs.

Other mosques were visited, but I have no time nor knowledge enough to go into details.

Luncheon was served at the Pera Palace Hotel, a high-class hostelry. Indeed, all excursion luncheons ashore have been at the very best hotels.

In the afternoon, our sightseeing was marred by rain. The automobiles were covered, and though we did not get wet our view was greatly obstructed.

However, we saw the Burnt Column, a high round tower that looked like an obelisk, except for its shape, and seemed as if it had gone through a fire and remained upright, all blackened and charred.

The Grand Bazaars next were inspected. They consist of a series of shops lined along severed streets that are covered at the top to make arcades. They sell very valuable rugs and gold embroidered fabric, with jewel filled knives and daggers, rings, necklaces, and bracelets worked into mosaic patterns. As we did not understand values in this line, no purchases were made.

As the rain continued, we went back to the Adriatic at four o'clock. This was the first half day of bad weather that we had encountered. Ever since leaving Naples, the sea has been smooth and the weather bright with sunshine.

The good ship Adriatic is now plowing through the briny blue towards Haifa, where we spend a day is spent on shore, going to see Nazareth. But about Palestine more anon, as they say in the serial stories.

I might drop into pure American and tell you that we have had a whale of a time, but chaste English has always been, my highest ambition, and is deucedly desirable, don'tcher know. Every day seems too short

and tomorrow comes too soon. Before you have drawn a breath after visiting some place of interest, another interest intrudes, leaving no time for cogitation or rumination—if you know what of mean.

When we left Constantinople it was raining—in fact, had been drizzling since two in the afternoon, which limited our drive through the streets and environs of Constantinople and Galata.

We passed through the Dardanelles at night, so when we went to breakfast the Adriatic was in the Aegean Sea. Off the coast of Greece, in the early afternoon, we passed the island of Patmos, to which St. John was banished and during his exile wrote the Book of Revelations.

HAIFA AND NAZARETH, PALESTINE

Shortly before ten o'clock on Saturday morning, March 20th, we reached Haifa, Palestine, and dropped anchor in the semicircular bay. Across it, opposite Haifa, we had a view of Acca, the landing place of the Crusaders, and also the place where Napoleon entered Palestine.

From a scenic point of view, a steamship is not justified in stopping at Haifa. But it is the nearest port to Nazareth—about twenty miles.

Haifa is built on a wide plain, running from the base of a range of high hills on a level to the bay. The buildings are crude and squalid with a few exceptions, which are quite pretty, with gardens of flowers and palms. The populace appeared to be made up mostly of Arabs, wearing turbans and flowing gowns.

Autos had been assigned to all who were booked for the excursion, the number on each ticket corresponding with the number pasted on the wind shield of the auto. Our party—Messrs. Fogarty, Kohlman, Souweine and Hodgson—rode in the car numbered "thirty-five."

First we were whirled up a narrow road to a monastery surmounting a lofty pinnacle of one of the high hills. The monastery is built upon the spot where the Prophet Elisha offered up a burnt sacrifice to God. It is adorned with paintings of Biblical incidents and has a crypt. It is fronted by a walled garden of flowers and semi-tropical growths.

Then, back again through Haifa to the town of Nazareth, known through all the Christian world as the home of the Virgin Mary, mother of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

At the highest altitude of the drive over the smooth white roads, a pause was taken for all to view the Hills of Galilee and to see the Hill of Gilboa, where Saul met his death. Before us, with extensive spread and surrounded by hills, was the great Plain of Esdraelon.

We passed through several villages, which are all said to be Jewish colonies. The fields were covered with red poppies and beautiful white flowers, growing in wild abundance and very pleasing to the eye.

As we looked upon them, the Lord's injunction to the multitude intruded itself upon the mind: "Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

We were in the Holy Land. It was among these hills and along this way that the Great Teacher had gathered and taught his disciples. It was here that He wrought miracles—healed the sick, gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and spake the word "Ephphatha" to the dumb.

It was in Palestine that God gave to Moses the Tablet of the Holy Law; and where Ruth gave voice to the perfect filial devotion, when she said to Naomi: "Whither thou goest I will go, where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

Almost immediately after reaching Nazareth we had luncheon at the Hotel Galilee. This is under the management of some Christian monks—at least they were dressed as such, with skull cap, gown and girdle. A very good meal was served, including a white wine that tasted like sauterne, or Rhine Wine.

The hotel is adjoined by a caravansary, and has a high stone wall with iron gates. Inside the wall is a small space filled with flowers and trees and gravelled pathways.

After lunch, we were taken to Mary's well. A lot of women were filling big jars with water, which they carried on their heads at an angle of about seventy-five degrees. These jars are like those you see in sacred pictures, and probably will hold three gallons each. The women who bore them jauntily on their heads were black-eyed and pleasant featured. They were what Americans would call "easy to look at."

Nazareth today is probably very little different from what it was two thousand years ago. Its size perhaps will be double what it was, but its people, their dress and customs, their houses and streets, remain the same. All the buildings (except the hotel) are one-story, stone structures that resemble a huge box, with a square hole cut in for a window and a larger and longer one for a door.

On the way to Nazareth, as also on the return journey, we passed trains of camels laden with merchandise, and donkeys with panniers filled with vegetables or fruit.

There were no fences to be seen, but in places where they were necessary—such as the single-track, narrow-gauge, railway—along the sides was growing cactus that defied any one to climb over the top or break through its prickly defense.

So ends our visit to the Holy Land. Next stopping place is Alexandria, Egypt.

EDWIN A. HODGSON.
(To be continued)

CHICAGO.

The "frats" hold Silver Jubilee in May. The alumni a jubilee in June; The Nads and Nadites wing their merry way
To Washington beneath an August noon. And something seems to tell me, as I count the cost, no joke—
Yes, something seems to tell me I will be flat broke!

The President of the Alumni Association of the Illinois State School for the Deaf has decided to go ahead with plans for the regular triennial reunion, in spite of disadvantages and drawbacks. She has given out the following manifesto, that all who run may read:

OFFICIAL CALL

Ye Eighty Generations from good old "Jax," ye are herewith summoned to assemble in our hallowed halls for supper, at 6 p.m., Thursday, June 17th, 1926, to live again those good old days until our triennial reunion ends with the Sunday noonday meal, June 20th.

Are you coming? Yes? Harken ye; for behold 'tis I—your President—proclaimeth! Hie ye back from field and factory; hie ye by foot or flivver; by air, rail or water; hie ye rich or poor, in glad rags or in sackcloth and ashes; hie ye whether married, widowed or single. Thy sins—which are many—shall be forgiven thee: the only Unforgivable Sin is to forget to come at all.

Are you coming? Yes? For, lo and behold, it has come to pass that Colonel Oscar C. Smith, wounded in the Argonne, bids us gather again on the battlefield, where once we fought and vanquished those hated enemies—Readin' and 'Ritin' and 'Rithmetick. Col. Smith shall sound the mess-call—three days rations—the same army chow on which our youthful digestions once prospered. The bugle peal of "Pork and Beans" shall be followed by "Reveille," and in turn by "I Can't Get 'em Up in the Morning!"

—also free, gratis and without charge. Fancher and his big bass drum, and band of twenty pieces, will supplement the old army bugle. In other words, everything is free, free-er, free-est!

Tenting tonight on the old camp ground, Tenting in dear old "Jax"; Where readin' and 'ritin' and 'rithmetick Were taught to the tune of a hickory stick—
Schoolmate of mine, come back!

Are you coming? Yes?

We shall come to celebrate the 80th anniversary of the founding of the Illinois State School for the Deaf. Our guests shall respond to roll-call by classes—and I hope to see at least one living ex-pupil represent every class from 1846 to 1926. A vice-presidency probably goes to the one of the 1926 graduates—for that will make a news item the Associated Press will carry on the wires all over America. One of the *Silent Worker* writers will be there, as well as the newshound of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. We should show those blase journalists what splendid citizens dear old Jacksonville turned out on a skeptical world.

Are you coming? Yes? Come to meet old friends you have not seen since leaving school; also old friends whom you will never again see in this world. If you have a car, arrange with other alumni to form a party. I strongly advise all mothers to leave the children home with friends or relatives. You can enjoy yourselves better. It will do both mothers and children good—the mothers need a three-day rest, and the children will more properly appreciate their mothers when they come back. I have a boy of my own, so know whereof I speak.

Are you coming? Yes? Alumni, if you own homes, farms, stores or factories, bring or send photos for our "display," which will probably be reproduced in the *Silent Worker* Enclosure. Be proud of our State—and proud of yourself.

Are you coming? Yes? FRIEDA B. MEAGHER, President.
5627 Chicago, INDIANA AVENUE.

The annual ball of the Silent A. C. on the 17th, managed by happy Hal Keasal, saw a goodly crowd, with a meager sprinkling of dress suits. "500" was run in the parlor for the benefit of non-dancers. Only one of those St. Paul Swedes was entered, and of course she had to horn-in for second prize—thereby upholding the traditional "St. Paul luck."

Regarding this matter, I have a peach of a communication from a bright and breezy ex-Minnesotan who spent a year at Gallaudet; a year in Chicago, and has since lived in the big burgh across from Brooklyn—thereby qualifying as an

expert. The letter tickles me so that—begging Miss Hilda's pardon I reproduce below the magnificent way the sweet Swede takes a slam at us ignorant Irish:

"DEAR MEAGHER:—Where do you get that Celtic Superiority stuff about us Swedes being illiterate foreigners? I've seen it in cold print that they stand among the highest on that scale as to admission tests. If you are a Doubting Thomas, ask the Immigration Bureau. I just couldn't pass that slam at the Swedes. And, say, some people who can't write are fortunate—they'll never hear their letters read in breach of promise suits. And, say again, I've heard that Chicagoans are getting to be very much stuck-up—getting stuck-up so much by gunmen.

Sincerely,
HILDA SPONG."

I surrender, Hilda, don't shoot. Hurrah, the sweet Swede must have a drop or two of Irish blood in her—she writes so wittily. It is a pleasure to receive such letters, for I enjoy a good joke even when the joke is on myself.

The Tulip Club (hard of hearing) deserves the cordial support of every sincere citizen for its generous action in regard to dates. It originally secured the Silent A. C. for a vaudeville and dance on April 24, but postponed its function when it learned that the 24th was selected for the installation of our new Oral Division, N. F. S. D., No. 106. The Tulip Club "Entertainment and Dance" takes place in the Sac on May 8th. Three members are carded, thusly:

1—A "Modern Cinderella on the Toonerville Trolley."
2—"In Tulip Time" a Spring fantasy.

3—"Acrobatic Dance—Ballentine Ballet."

Dancing for all follows the show. Save money! But do not bite off your own nose by saving money through stopping your JOURNAL subscription. Consider the case of the E. E. Carlsons and their boarder, Edwin Stafford. "I read the JOURNAL as much as you do, and I can't afford to be without it, so I will pay half of the cost of a subscription," Edwin said. Presto! it was accordingly moved and seconded, and the secretary requested to notify the crabby little coot who attends to JOURNAL correspondence in this city. (Oh, yes, Mr. Editor; notification enclosed.) NEXT! Step right up with your \$2, fellow citizens—I never demand a formal introduction from anyone wanting to subscribe to the National Newspaper of Deafdom.

John O'Rourke, of Quincy, Mass., was in town from the 15th to 19th. He traveled by boat from New York to Cuba, thence to New Orleans, California, Grand Canyon, Denver, Chicago, Buffalo, and home. Big John was all eyes for the "characteristic Chicago cheer" as typified at the Sac on the 17th. It was evidently quite a contrast with the Blue Law New Englandism he is familiar with—but he didn't criticize.

E. Randowe reached town early in April, having traveled in fifteen Eastern States since New Year's. Gerald Loomis, 19, son of the big photographer on Wabash, near Congress, has quit the State school in Jacksonville and is studying at the local Mergenthaler linotype plant. Loomis states quite a number of other pupils have quit or intend to quit.

The net profit on Bill Maiworm's No. 1 masquerade last winter was \$204.

Joe Miller has secured 60 orders for Morocco due-card containers. A good crowd attended the "Mystery" party at the Pas-a-Pas club on the 17th.

A "crazy party" and "500" was given by Chicago Council, No. 1, Knights of De l'Epee, at Sodality hall, on the 18th.

Mrs. Wm. Zollinger gave an interesting talk on Goldfish before the M. E. flock on the 18th, and Mrs. Elmes gave a reading of "The Gray Room."

Eight ladies attended a "500" lunch at Mrs. George Schriver's Elmhurst home on the 12th. Mrs. Meagher and Mrs. Roberts hogged the prizes.

E. L. Randolph and Miss Christie Nattie will be married May 5. Mrs. Matilda Galloway, of Elwood, Iowa, is here visiting her daughter, Wm. Zollinger and Mrs. C. Sharpnack left for Polo, Ill., on the 17th, to attend the funeral of their favorite uncle, whose body was brought from Pasadena, Cal.

Mrs. Charles Kemp is convalescing from a serious illness.

Jack Seipp spent a week in town, taking in the opening ball game, and buying a season's supply of bats, shoes and togs. He plunks a lino-type in Evansville, Wis., and plays third base for a league team Saturdays and Sundays.

Quite a number of silents will move May 1—as usual. The George F. Flicks will move to a better apartment, after living in their present flat for 18 years.

Does anybody reading this know the whereabouts of a deaf lad named Martin J. Ryan? His sister in Iowa writes Gibson inquiring for him.

That wasn't a "bankers bowling

tourney" Leiter attended in Toledo, April 4th, after all. It was the A-B-C (American Bowling Congress) generally recognized as carrying the world's championship. Out of ten thousand entries Leiter and his partner finished in the money prizes in doubles?

Dates ahead: May 1—Pas, Moving Day. 8—Pas first business meeting at 81 W. Van Buren. Sac, Tulip Club (hard of hearing) gives dramatic performance, followed by a dance. 15—Sac, "Hard Times party," managed by Miss Plonshinsky. 22—Sac, "Country Fair," 29-30-31—GRAND SILVER JUBILEE, by Chicago frats, at Sac.

J. FREDERICK MEAGHER.

FLORIDA

ATTENTION FLORIDANS AND VISITORS!

Miami, a distance of 366 miles south of Jacksonville along the East Coast, will be the scene of the Fourth Triennial Convention of the Florida Association of the Deaf, May 19-23, 1926.

This is to be one of the gala events of the Florida deaf. Oodles of fun and pleasure, fishing, swimming, sightseeing.

The opportunity to see the great coming metropolis of the south, its wonderful parks, its beautiful homes and its irresistible environment and enchantment is enough to bring you here, but we are offering you a chance to meet new and old friends, schoolmates and pals, at the same time.

The Entertainment Committee of the Deaf has made all arrangements for three days of wonderful entertainment and riotous fun: Sleeping and meals can be secured at moderate rates, in fact, the comfort of the deaf will be given every consideration by Miami citizens.

This will be one of the greatest conventions of the deaf ever held in Florida, and with your co-operation we will make it one of the greatest ever held in the United States.

Are you coming? Sure you are! By all means, do come. You must come. We need you to settle "big" questions that are to be brought up. Remember the dates—May 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d!

Everybody welcome! Come and enjoy yourself these eventful days to deafdom. Don't wait till after the great event and sorrowfully say: "Gosh! I wish I had been there." Be able to say, "Gee, but we sure had a great time. I can hardly wait for the next reunion."—R. H. R.

NEWS OF INTEREST.

We are glad to chronicle the improvement of Mr. Cleveland Davis, and his recovery to normal health now seems certain.

Stanley Roth, shoemaker, is in the Jackson Memorial Hospital, having swallowed a mouthful of nails in his shop one night recently, when a cordial friend slapped him on the back. He was placed on a starch diet and an X-ray photograph was taken. According to the authorities, we are glad to learn that his condition is not considered serious.

Mr. H. K. Bush and wife left recently for Richmond, Va., by motor, having been called away on business. They own a lovely Spanish home in Coral Gables, our suburban city.

Mr. Arthur Willingham, of Atlanta, Ga., has obtained a position with the White Belt Dairy, selecting it as the best of several openings. Mrs. Willingham remains in Atlanta until they are assured the job is steady, or they have other permanent arrangements.

Robert Anderson, of Ebro, Fla., is expected in Miami shortly where he will look over land suitable for farming. He always makes a careful survey, and we hope his choice falls on some place near our Magic City, so that we can see him occasionally.

Mrs. J. R. Quarles and her two young children expect to leave for Stark soon, to be gone a while. The object of her leaving is to go to the bedside of her sick father.

The writer was compelled to take a two-week vacation away from work recently, on account of shattered nerves and a general rundown condition. He spent the major part of the time fishing and swimming. This respite from work seemed to do him a world of good, as he now looks the picture of health.

RAYMOND H. ROU

Sta. A, Box 4314,
Miami, Florida.

Mrs. Hallicy, of Athenia, N. J., died on April 5th. Her sister, Mrs. Toole, is greatly grieved over the loss of her loving sister. They always went together everywhere.

WESTERN CANADA ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

WINNIPEG, April 20, 1926.

DEAR MR. HODGSON:—Some time ago I noticed an item in your JOURNAL saying that the W. C. A. D. would hold a convention in Toronto. This is not correct.

The convention meets in Winnipeg this year on June 17th-22d. Our membership is largely drawn from the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, although visitors from eastern Canada and the United States are very welcome to attend the sessions and to join the W. C. A. D.

Kindly make this correction in your next issue.

Sincerely yours,
DEAN E. TOMLINSON.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

A Vaudeville Entertainment was given at St. Ann's Guild House Saturday evening, April 17th. An excellent program was shown, and the house was filled even to standing room. The profits of the evening will wipe out the debt incurred in the purchase of the printing press and outfit, which St. Ann's Church now has in the basement of the Guild House. The money for the setting up of this little print shop was borrowed from the Building Fund at interest. Since September the Printing Committee has been trying in various ways to raise money to pay back to the Building Fund. Mrs. J. H. McCluskey has lent her aid by arranging two vaudeville this winter, one of which happened last October and made a profit of about \$75. The second one, last week's success, seems to have brought in about twice that figure for the Printing Fund.

The program consisted of some funny act, several songs, and Kenney the Magician as the star attraction. Mr. William Renner, Chairman of the Printing Committee, made a hit as "Mama's Little Boy."

PROGRAM

CHARLESTON DANCERS (colored)—Clarence Madison, George Price.

RECITATION—"Tommy," by Miss Doris Ballance.

COMEDY—"Four A.M.," Mrs. J. H. McCluskey and Fred King.

A MEDLEY OF SONGS—"The Long, Long Trail," Mrs. McCluskey; "Good-bye, Dolly Gray," "Just A Song at Twilight," Miss Makowska.

COMEDY—"The Dream Scientist," Mr. Renner, Misses Doris Ballance and Alice Atkinson.

SONG—"Always," Wanda Makowska as Irving Berlin; Jessie Garrick as Ellen Mackay.

COMEDY—"The Toy Shop," Shop Proprietess—V. Makowska. Little Clarence—William Renner. Clarence's Mama—Mrs. McCluskey. Spanish Dolls—Doris Patterson and Raymond McCarthy. Clown Doll—Elsie Schwing. Charleston Doll—Ethel Brenneisen. Russian Doll—Edmund Hicks. Scotch Doll—Jessie Garrick. Charlie Chaplin Toy—Edward Carr. Toy Indian—Robert Fitting. Toy Soldier—Doris Ballance.

RECITATION—"The Road to Mandalay," by Miss Doris Ballance.

KENNY—The Great Magician.

THE BRONX FRATS' SPRING DANCE.

Last Saturday evening, April 24th, the Bronx Frats held their Spring Dance, at the San Salvador (K. of C.) Hall, 121st Street and Madison Avenue, Manhattan.

It was not largely attended, owing to the fact that at the hour that those who start out to attend such affairs, it began to rain, and did not let up all evening.

San Salvador Hall, now occupied by the Knights of Columbus, and let out to outside organizations for Receptions, Dances, etc., was formerly a church, and has been remodelled for the purpose it is now being used. Its dance floor is large.

Dancing was kept up till midnight, and then most of those present, who failed to bring umbrellas or rain coats, lingered for an hour or so, for it was raining very hard out of doors.

There were prizes, for holding a certain admission ticket, and for the organization most represented, etc.

J. Stagliabotti won a basket of choice fruit.

Abe Alexander, fifteen dollars; Paul Tarlen, ten dollars; Carl Berg, five dollars.

The following is the number of members represented from various organizations, the winner—the Brooklyn Frats, getting the Silver Cup. Brooklyn Frats, 17; Deaf-Mutes' Union League, 12; Hebrew Association of the Deaf, 8; Manhattan Frats, 6; Newark Frats, 4; Jersey City Frats, 3.

The judges, who decided the winners were: Messrs. Thomas C. Grover, Harry Pierce Kane and John O'Rourke.

The Arrangement Committee of the affair were: Joseph R. Collins (Chairman), Joseph Graham (Vice-Chairman), Jack Sobel, Albert Lazar and Edward Bonvillian.

The officers of Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D., for 1926 are as follows: Fred C. Berger, President; Matthew M. Blake, Vice-President; Edward P. Bonvillian, Secretary; Anthony Rubano, Treasurer; Harold Skidmore, Director; William Hausman, Sergeant-at-Arms; Board of trustees, William Hansen, Jacob Keiber and Joseph Leghorn.

Emil Basch spent last week in Liberty, Sullivan Co., N. Y., stopping at the same place where he boarded when he was there for medical treatment. He went there by auto through the kindness of a friend. He missed meeting many who were there while he was a boarder, but saw plenty of snow.

William Paul, the father of Sam A. Paul and Fannie Friedman, died suddenly of apoplexy and paralysis on April 19th, at their home. His death shocked his grown-up children, as he was stricken four days only. He was buried at the Mt. Zion Cemetery.

Henry Mueller of Rumsen, N. J., couldn't resist the lure of the diamond—baseball diamond, and spent the week-end in the city, and last Friday was among the baseball "fans" at the Yankee Stadium, who witnessed Babe Ruth make a home run.

John O'Rourke, who toured the country as far as the Pacific, and the leisurely toured back again struck our burg on Thursday last. He was among those present at the Bronx Frats' Spring Dance on Saturday, April 24th.

Victor Hariton, the portrait artist of Brooklyn, recently underwent an operation for appendicitis. That was six weeks ago, and he has recuperated wonderfully.

Miss Bessie Levy, of the Bronx, and Joseph Halpert, of Brooklyn, N. Y., heralded their engagement last week. They are to be married on Sunday, May 2d.

South Carolina.

Dr. N. F. Walker, one of the best and oldest deaf educators, has just recovered from what was considered a serious illness and now enjoys his usual health. He is over eighty-one years old and still holds his job as the superintendent of the school for the deaf and the blind at Cedar Spring, S. C.

Definite arrangements have just been made for the South Carolina Association of the Deaf to meet this summer. It will hold its convention at the School for the Deaf and the Blind from Wednesday evening to Saturday morning, August 4th to 7th.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert R. Smoak, of Union, S. C., motored to High Point, N. C., April 3d, to spend the Easter with the former's brother, Mr. Eustace C. Smoak. On Easter Sunday 80 deaf persons from Greensboro and other nearby places flocked to High Point, where they had a good preaching by Rev. R. C. Fortune, of Durham, and also enjoyed a picnic.

One of the daily papers in Columbia, S. C., furnished the following item: Mrs. Eula Rawl Brandt was hostess last Friday evening, at a bridge party at her home. Mrs. Robert Cave won first prize, with the second prize going to Mr. J. V. Glover. Those enjoying the evening were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cave, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Glover, Misses Myrtle and Jimmy Rawl, and C. B. Lyles, W. W. Goss, Osgood Darby, W. H. Lyles, E. E. Gaston, and J. V. Glover, of Greenville, S. C.

After spending several months at Rock Hill, S. C., Mr. Frank Smoak went back to Columbia, S. C., a short time ago, and is now working at the Columbia Vulcanizing Works.

Mr. Louis Fant is now at Greenville, S. C., working in a printing office. He was transferred there from Anderson, S. C., some time ago by his boss, who owns offices in both places.

Mr. Brown Smoak has been sick for a long time. He had to give up his job in Greensboro, S. C., went home at Filbert, S. C., to be cared for by his folks. According to the recent reports a very slim hope, if any, is entertained for his recovery, he being a bed-ridden invalid now.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lee Cave, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Glover and their children, spent one summer last month with Mrs. J. M. Carter, of Winsboro, S. C., who is considered the best hotel keeper there.

Mr. Everett E. Gaston, of Columbia, S. C., and Miss Grace Buffkins, of Green Sea, S. C., were united in holy matrimony on the 14th of this month. After several days trip through country to Charlotte, and Asheville, N. C., Greenville, Spartanburg, Cedar Spring, S. C., and other places, they went to Columbia, S. C., to make their home at 1720 Hampton Street.

Rev. J. W. Michaels was in Columbia, S. C., last month, on his evangelistic trip. It is reported that he will be given a permanent place in Richmond, Va., soon.

Mr. Osgood Darby, of Columbia, S. C., lost his mother and aunt both in one week. In their death, especially the former, he suffered a severe loss, as he always depended on them. We have not heard just now what he will do.

Mrs. Warren Belk (formerly Miss May Thompson) spent a few days with her home folks at New Brookland, S. C., some time ago. She was recently married, and is now living in Charlotte, N. C., where Mr. Belk works under his father, who is a contractor.

Miss Sallie Hoy, of Sumter, S. C., goes to Columbia, S. C., every now and then to be with her sister for week-end, and incidentally enjoys meeting the deaf crowd there.

Miss C. Belle Rogers, one of the faculty at Cedar Spring, S. C., went to High Point, N. C., some time last month to spend the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Eustace C. Smoak.

HERBERT R. SMOAK.

Gallaudet College

With aching backs and unshaven chins the campers straggled back to the culture of Kendall Green after roughing it (with oil stoves and honest-to-goodness spring beds) for five days in the densely populated "wilds" in the vicinity of Great Falls, Va. "Why, you missed the greatest time ever!" was the invariable greeting of the intrepid campers to those who did not go.

Wednesday, April 14th, was the momentous day of the great exodus. Party leaders, excused from classes, set out, amid envious glances of the less fortunate, for Rosslyn on a truck with our goods. To the rest of the vacationists, 12:15 P.M., when the spring vacation was to begin, would never come up, but it finally did. Lunch was speedily put away, and the happy vacationists stormed the Rosslyn street cars, striking the Washington straphangers dumb with the incongruous combination of camping apparel and traveling bags *de luxe*.

To the relief of the anxious commuters the trolley managed to reach Rosslyn with barely enough time for them to purchase passage to Great Falls. Vituperative comments were made concerning the exasperating slowness of the ticket seller. Somehow, the Gallaudetians succeeded in obtaining their tickets just in the time to board the Great Falls cars. Forty-five minutes and they were at Great Falls!

Every one of the campers experienced a sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach as he viewed the interminably long hill up which the camping paraphernalia was to be carried. After countless theories as to the easiest way to accomplish this were proposed and rejected, they resorted to the coolie system, putting their backs and hands to good use.

Tents were finally pitched and oil stoves assembled. The cooks had their hands full, keeping the famished excursionists from devouring the meat raw. After what seemed to the starving men an eternity, the meat plus other delicacies such as coffee and potatoes, were at last served by perspiring chefs.

A perfect meal under their belts, they could not think of any thing better than going to bed. Lights, one by one, went out, and snores that disturbed nobody arose on all sides.

Everywhere we go, the dark spectre of catastrophe goes. On the first day of camp, Axman, '29, unfortunately cut his foot with an ax while cutting firewood. He was taken back to Washington where he received medical treatment. He was, however, back in camp the next day, thinking too well of camp life to remain on Kendall Green.

For the next few days cameras busily clicked with admonitions to "look cheerful"—these admonitions coming from the photographers, of course—and any time one would be startled out of his reverie, if he happened to be indulging in one, by the "bang" of Landry's flashlight, the result of which activities being the table in the Men's Reading Room littered with snapshots.

Nightly cards flopped on the table in the warm station below, accompanied by noisy laughter and fists slapping on the table for emphasis. The weatherman must have harbored in his bosom a kindly regard for the campers, for unclouded weather was their portion until Sunday, when they were forced to the shelter of the station by a flurry of snow.

Back bent to the arduous task of paddling canoes on the unruly Potomac. Old Trammell, the boatman, was besieged by eager canoeists for "good and swift" canoes. The excitement of canoeing reached a climax when, Friday, the wind kicked up a squall. Daring paddlers, essayed forth on the rising billows, deriving an indescribable thrill in shooting over white caps. Proud to say, this year's outing was marked with no casualties.

Monday was indeed blue, for the campers, who were beginning to enjoy camp life, had to get up at five and break camp. Distracted cooks scurried here and there gleaming what they could for the last breakfast. The tents disappeared as if by magic, leaving the cooks to wash the dishes with the sky as their roof. In an incredibly short time, everything was packed and ready for the freight.

A bunch of hikers set out for college on the highway, expecting to reach Kendall Green late in the evening, but great was the surprise of those who chose to take the trolley when they found the "hikers" but half an hour behind them, a kind-hearted truck-driver having given them a lift.

Yes, indeed, those who did not go camping missed a grand, glorious time.

MARYLAND TROUNCES GALLAUDET.

Playing a rather sloppy game, the University of Maryland nine defeated the Gallaudetians a 12-to-6 fiasco Wednesday, April 21st. It was not a game spectators like, the Old Liners making ten errors, and the Kendall Greeners three.

The Terrapins scored almost continuously, obtaining one each in the first and second innings, three in the third, two in the fourth, one each in the fifth and seventh innings and a trio in the eighth frame. The Buff and Blue men were able to get only two

runs each in the sixth, seventh, and eighth.

Reneau and Lau were the only Kendall Greeners to slam England's offerings for more than one hit apiece, each marking up two hits.

TANKS SQUASH GALLAUDET

With Burns on the mound, Gallaudet suffered another defeat on Kendall Green Saturday, April 24th, at the hands of the Camp Meade Tank Corps nine, getting the short end of a 1 to 0 score. An unaccountable slugging slump having taken possession of even their best sluggers, the Gallaudetians were able to get only one hit to Camp Meade's eight.

Having allowed nine runs, Burns was supplanted by Roberts, who was unable to stem the Tanks' rampage.

Illness, taking innumerable forms, still holds tenaciously to our campus. The latest victim was Alice Little, '29 who was taken home by her mother on account of recurring rheumatic fever. She is to return next year to re-join her class or as a Social Student.

Friday, April 23d, the Literary Society held its last formal literary meeting for the present scholastic year. Professor Drake recounted incidents of Luther Burbank's life, dwelling mostly on his great achievements as a plant wizard. Followed a debate with the usual resolution, "Resolved, that more Gallaudet graduates than hearing people should be employed as teachers in our institutions." Messrs. Guy Calame, '27, and Charles Miller, '28—affirmative, won the decision over Messrs. Charles Kilian, '27, and William Johnson, '28. The dialogue was entitled "Today and—?" with Messrs. Blank and Carey Shaw, '28, as participants. The audience nearly burst with curiosity as to the identity of Mr. Blank, until Shaw called Mr. Rose, '27, upon the stage. Rose and Shaw, having forgotten what they were to say, changed the title to "Just a Chat," leaving the spectators in convulsions of laughter. Chester Mlynarek, '29, thrilled the audience to the core with his repudiation of "Lochinvar."

SEATTLE.

Some time ago Cyril Vincent, who came from England about forty years ago, received notice of the death of his only sister in that distant country. This week word arrived that his brother-in-law had died. Mr. Vincent's father was a minister in the church of England.

Lawrence Belser had a letter from Adolph Struck in San Diego, stating that he was working there as a monotype operator. Adolph left here a month ago for San Francisco.

While Mrs. Jack Bertram's mother was visiting here and family for a week recently, she took her to Mrs. W. S. Root's home where there was a gathering of over a dozen ladies for a fine luncheon. She was then driven to the University of Washington, which impressed her as an exceedingly fine educational institution.

A. W. Wright made a purchase of a lot and an eight room-house in the thickly settled district of Broadway in this city the other day.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Pickett, of Tacoma, were over the week-end visiting the latter's mother.

The Partridge family motored to Richmond Beach last Sunday, it being a beautiful day and visited the Firland hospital where Mrs. Koberstein was for quite a while before she died. On their way back they stopped at Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Waugh's home and took supper with them by invitation.

During the meeting of the P. S. A. D. on Saturday, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Harris were presented with a lovely bedspread and a pyrex plate, for their recent wedding from their old friends. Roy, a resident of Seattle for over twenty years, has many staunch friends and his young bride is a lovable person whither winning ways.

Bryan Wilson and Mrs. Bertha Johnson, formerly Miss Seipp, sprung one of the greatest surprises of the season, when the slipped over to the court house and were married by a superior court judge. Bryan seemed to be a confirmed bachelor and no one dreamed he would ever go and do such a "rash" deed, but the new couple had known each other since they were children, having attended the state institution together. Congratulations are extended to them by their numerous friends.

Jack Bertram attended a banquet of the photo-engravers in Tacoma last week. There were over fifty fellow craftsmen present.

The contractor for which Roy Harris works has a large bungalow court construction job at Alki Beach, and Roy now has several weeks' employment in sight.

Miss Marguerite Gorman's grandmother died in Illinois, February 18th. She lacked but a few weeks of reaching her 100th year.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Brown celebrated their crystal wedding anniversary, in the basement hall of the Lutheran Church last Saturday evening, with some forty-five guests present. They received many pretty and useful crystal gifts, some of the present, coming from Chicago and Kansas City. Rev. Geo. W. Gaertner, our minister, made a very impressive talk on marriage anniversaries. Refreshments of cake, ice

cream and coffee, were served. Mr. and Mrs. Brown came to Seattle some twelve years ago, from Kansas and Colorado.

Mrs. George Riley, of Victory, B. C., was among those present, coming down the day before to do shopping in preparation for an eastern trip next June. She is visiting her mother and is being invited out to dinners among her old Seattle friends.

Mrs. Albert Lorenz of Tacoma was also a guest at the anniversary party, having returned from a visit to her daughter in Davenport, Wash., and where she had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of her first granddaughter.

While about his work in the printing office, W. S. Root came near having a serious accident. Carrying a form to the job press, he tripped over his little son, who was in the office at the time. His wrist was sprained, his back wrenched and some skin rubbed off his knee. The form was piled.

Jack Bertram is quite a golf enthusiast. The other Sunday he took A. W. Wright as his guest and they played on the 9-hole course at the Jefferson links till dusk. Jack has presented his daughter Marion with a golf set.

Mrs. Pauline Gustin's friends are beginning to drop in to see the new home that she recently moved into. One night there were eight present, all coming in one by one.

The younger people, under the leadership of Eddie Martin and Rex Oliver, started the outing season Saturday night the 17th, when a trip was made on one of the Sound ferries to Vashon island, and a bonfire lighted on the beach. They returned on the last midnight ferry. Others in the party were the Misses Seipp, La Jambé, Robinson and Freese, Frank and Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Wilson.

The Commercial Bowling League, composed of some sixteen teams, and which the Silents were members, closed the bowling season last week. Two teams tied for first place with 44 won and 19 lost, and right behind them the Silents tied for second place with another team, winning 43 and losing 20. Fred Henrich of the Silents was high man in individual ten and thirty frames and won \$8.00 in prizes. Last night the boys held a meeting and decided to enter the league again next fall. Mr. Henrich was elected captain and Mr. Harris treasurer. The other members of the team are Messrs Wilson, Kelly and Sommerson.

We were pleased to see the correspondent of our sister city, Tacoma, return in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Miss Mabel Segel, an intelligent young lady, says her poor sight has interfered in many ways. If there is a deaf philanthropist, come and help restore her sight, which has been gradually failing the last ten years. Some renowned specialists ought to help her. What a great joy it would bring, not only to herself, but to her friends.

PUGET SOUND.

April 20, 1926.

OHIO.

April 24, 1926.—Lawrence Green, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Green, of Toledo, is some marble shooter. Last year he won the *News-Bee* silver medal in the Marble Tournament, and again this year he won the Whittier School tournament, of which school he is a member. Speaking of the contest the *News-Bee* says.

Green was in fighting mood at the ring, and showed his tournament style by paying no attention to other players or to spectators. His eye was on the marbles all the time, and he did not get nervous when victory seemed slipping away.

He stood silent while he watched Charles Correll knock out five and Jim McGollum two mibs, to his own tally of two. In order to win, he had to take all the four remaining. Knuckling down carefully and slowly, Larry let his nicked agate fly to ring center and scored. His deadly English stood him in good stead, and one after another the mibs flew from the ring.

In his preliminary ring at the Whittier tournament he had much the same experience, but he found the semi-finals slightly easier going. Now all marble shots at Whittier think they have a city champion at their school and they are uniting to coach Green for the city finals on May 8th.

The *News Bee* says of him in its issue of April 7th, 1926:

"Scout Lawrence Green, 4143 Vermaas Avenue, of Troop 15, Whittier School, who was awarded the third highest award in scouting, the star scout badge, at the last Court of Honor of the Toledo Boy Scouts. In order to receive this award, Scout Green had to complete over one hundred different scoutcraft tests."

The boy also won third prize of group four in the building of bird house contest.

Columbus had a tinge of wintry weather Monday, when she was visited during the forenoon by several flurries of light snow. The

FANWOOD.

On Thursday evening, the 22d of April, the program of the Fanwood Literary Association was given in the chapel by the 6th Grade Oral. The stories, debate and dialogue were excellent. Their teacher is Miss Edna Shirley.

PROGRAM

"Story of King Arthur," by Harry Fein.

"Oliver Twist," by Hyman Kalmanowitz.

"The Stone Lion," by Jacob Nahoun.

"John Gilpin," by Charles Terry.

(a) Ignorance of the law excuses no man.
(b) How we may help the fire department.
—Frank Scofield.

"Hans and the Giants," by Albert Nahoun

"The Bishop of Bingen," by Rubin Goldstein.

Debate—Resolved, That the poor are as happy as the rich.
Affirmative—Otto Johnson. Negative—Leo Port.

"The Golden Bird," by Herbert Koblenz.

ORIGINAL STORY—"The Boy who didn't Care," by Otto Johnson.

"How the Sea Became Salt," by Leo Port.

"The Story of David," by Anthony Gangi.

"Joan of Arc," by Robert Schneider.

DIALOGUE—Robert Schneider and Leo Port.

The meeting was presided over by Captain Kerwin, who selected Miss C. Palazzatta, Cadet Lieutenant Kindel and Cadet First Sergeant Retzker as judges. The vote favored the affirmative side.

After the program, Prof. William G. Jones told about the inception of the literary society in this school. He was one of the first members of the literary association. The members of the Fanwood Literary Association were pleased to learn of the early days of the literary association, when Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet was principal.

The 32d Annual Relay Carnival at Philadelphia, which was held on April 23d and 24th, drew together all colleges, universities and schools in athletic competition.

The Fanwood Relay team—Kostyk, Blend, Heintz, captain, and Kerwin. Lander was substitute. They accompanied Coach Lux to Philadelphia.

At two o'clock, the seven best teams representing St. Joseph Institute for the Deaf, Trenton School for the Deaf, Mt. Airy School for the Deaf, New York Institute for the Deaf, Camden Catholic High, Temple University High School, and Allentown, were lined up awaiting the signal shot given by Mr. John J. McHugh, the famous starter. As he fired, the first leg runners dashed off. Cadet Kostyk won the first leg, and presented the baton to Cadet First Sergeant Blend, who led till within 100 yards of the finish line. He came in second, giving the baton to Cadet Drum Major Heintz, an experienced runner. Mt. Airy was in the lead; Heintz tried hard, but came in second. Cadet Captain Kerwin, anchor, trailed the Mt. Airy runner all the way. Near the finish, Kerwin raced, but the Mt. Airy boy won. Kerwin came second for Fanwood, while Trenton took fourth, and St. Joseph Institute fifth.

The Franklin silver medals were distributed to the Fanwood runners for the second place. Time 3:44. Here is the description of the Franklin Medal.

"It shows the figure of Benjamin Franklin, seated in a chair, modeled from his library chair, the original of which is in the possession of the American Philosophical Society. He is clothed in the conventional garb of his period, and in his left hand he holds a sprig of Laurel. His right hand grasps the hands of the first of four athletes, who stand before him at a slightly lower level. The second runner has his hand on the leader's shoulder, and is looking curiously at the sage. The third stands with arms folded, and the fourth holds in his left hand the baton carried in the relay races. Each figure represents a different type of athlete."

"On the ground above are the words 'Relay Carnival, founded 1895,' and beneath, the words 'University of Pennsylvania,' with the conventional Greek Thunderbolt as a decoration, to recall Franklin's connection with electrical research. It is signed with the monogram, R. T. M., 1925."

The baseball schedule looked by Coach Lux, up to date is as follows:—

April 17—Trinity Team
May 1—Starrett and Van Vleck
May 8—Deaf Mutes' League
May 15—Chapel A. C.
May 22—Colonials
May 26—N. Y. M. A.
June 5—Trinity (pending)

On Wednesday, April 21st, Dr. and Mrs. Fox attended a conference of Principals of the Academic Departments of the Mt. Airy, Fanwood, Lexington Avenue and New Jersey Schools, at the latter school, for the purpose of discussing schoolroom problems.

On the 21st of April, Dr. Thomas F. Fox was at the Trenton School for the Deaf, so the High Class was permitted to visit the American Museum of Natural History, New York Historical Society and Metropolitan Museum of Arts.

Mr. R. J. Woltjer, director of the School for the Deaf at Groningen, Denmark, will visit Fanwood about May 1st.

A. B. G.

Canadian Clippings.

TORONTO TIDINGS

Miss Margaret Ross, who is an expert telephone operator, is now an "Hello Girl" at the Western Hospital on Bathurst Street.

Mr. John Maynard went to Detroit lately to hunt for a job, but at the time of writing, we have not heard if he has secured work or not. Should he remain there for good, he will be much missed here.

Mr. Arnold G. Brigden, of Winnipeg, nephew of our late Superintendent, Mr. Frederick Brigden, was married on April 17th to Miss Florence Brackinrid, of this city. By the way, the bride is a cousin of the Middleton family, of Horning Mills.

After a couple of weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Scott, Miss Edith Squires, left for her home in Petrolia.

Mr. Roy Cheney has gone to Detroit to look for work. Haven't heard yet if he has landed a job.

Mr. Thomas A. Middleton, of Horning Mills was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts from April 16th to 21st. He arrived in good time for the big event at Old Orchard Pavilion on the 16th. On Sunday evening, April 18th, a number of his friends came out and spent the evening with him at "Mora Glen."

Mr. Colin McLean spoke very well on the origin and meaning of Life at our Church, on April 18th, and was greeted by a good turn out. The usual hymn was nicely rendered by Miss Marion Powell.

Miss Muriel Allen took a trip out to her old home in Hamilton to see her parents for the week-end of April 17th.

Mr. H. W. Roberts was a member of a committee that got up a big party and dance at Old Orchard Pavilion on April 16th. It was a grand affair and made up of the Roberts-Sackett-Runciman relatives and friends and among the seventy or more who turned up were the following Deaf. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. McGillway, Messrs. R. S. Edwards, T. A. Middleton and David Lawrence.

Once more, Miss Dorothy Byrne was obliged to undergo a very serious operation in an effort to bring her relief from her crippled condition. At time of writing her condition is reported to be very serious. Our deepest feelings of sorrow go out to the afflicted and worried parents, and sincerely trust the patient will come through all right. She is the eldest child of our worthy and beloved deaconess and interpreter.

Mrs. John E. Crough, who has been with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Buchan, Sr., here for several weeks past, left with her three children for her home in Walkerville, on April 12th, accompanied by her sister, Miss Lucy Buchan, who expects to remain in the Border cities for awhile.

KITCHENER KINDLINGS

Glad to see Mrs. William Hagen around again after a siege with the Grippe that forced her to bed for a while.

Mr. Asa Forrester, of Toronto, gave us a splendid talk on the "Way of Transgression," at our meeting on April 11th, and Mrs. William Hagen recited a beautiful hymn.

After the meeting here on April 11th, Mrs. Ida Cherry Robertson, of Preston, remained and took tea with Miss Margaret Golds.

On March 24th, Mr. Wilbur Elliot, of Ingersoll, dropped into this city to look up old friends.

On April 4th, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Williams and children hied away to the hospitable farm of Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Nahrang in Speedville where they had a grand time out in the open country.

Mrs. Hough, of Foxborough, spent Easter week with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William Hagen. She motored all the way up from near Belleville and returned in the same way.

We were surprised yet pleased to see Mr. Percy Smith, of Owen Sound, in our midst again. He was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Black for a few days lately. In the mean time he paid a visit Elmira, Preston and Gault. Being unable to get work here he left on April 15th, to visit friends in Walkerville.

MOOSE JAW MENTIONS.

Mr. and Mrs. Brethauer returned to their home in Regina, after spending the Easter holidays with Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Waugh. They report a lovely time.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Waugh were surprised yet delighted to receive a call from Miss Rose Hawkins, who is trying to find work in this city.

Miss Angus Derkson was a guest of the Waugh family over Easter.

Mr. W. G. Bell has been out of work nearly all winter, but expects to be very busy soon.

A very pleasant evening was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Waugh, on March 30th, when they gave a birthday party for their youngest son, who is now eleven years old. About a dozen of his playmates made merry with him besides showering him with many presents. His parents gave him a lovely piano. The Misses Derk-

son and McDowell helped Mrs. Waugh in entertaining the children.

Miss Morrow, a graduate of the Winnipeg School for the Deaf, died at her home in Regina, on February 2d last. She had been suffering for over eight weeks with a weak heart and goitre trouble.

It is twelve years since Mrs. W. J. Waugh left her home in Ontario and came west, and since her marriage she and her husband have been living very happily together in their bungalow, which they own, and may motor in their own car for a visit to Winnipeg this summer.

GENERAL GLEANINGS

On being shown a sample copy of the JOURNAL and told its value to the deaf, Miss Alma Brown, of Orangeville, promptly handed in her subscription to this worthy paper. Such cases like this are of common occurrence. Miss Bryon's deaf brother, Mr. Thomas Brown, is doing very nicely on his farm at Markdale.

After visiting with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Timpson at Long Branch since Easter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaren, left on April 22d, for their home in Raglan. The McLarens are well-known and much respected among the deaf everywhere.

Glad to hear that the JOURNAL Editor, Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson, has arrived home safely after a delightful cruise of the Mediterranean. Through the writer, he wishes to congratulate the deaf of Toronto and Ontario on the acquisition of such a fine new church and he hopes to come and see it soon.

The Sign Language is of advantage to the hearing public, in at least one way and this is how it could have helped. The Rev. Howard L. Roberts, M.A., B.D., of Brantford, was expecting his brother, Herbert and his wife, from Toronto to arrive in the "Telephone City" on the "Chicago Flyer,"

on April 8th, and wished to meet them, but, being alone, and fearing other relatives would arrive from other points for his wedding, got a friend to go and meet the "flyer" for him. His friend kindly obliged, "but" said he, "how can I find them out among the crowd when I've never met them before." "Don't worry," replied the minister, "just watch around and when you see a couple talking in signs or on their fingers, accost them and ask the gentleman if he is Mr. Roberts."

"Grand Idea," retorted his friend, as he stepped on the gas and whisked away stationward. How ever, the train had got in sooner than expected and Herb and wife had taken a taxi for the parsonage before his friend got to the station. Soon after a phone message came to the parsonage saying this, "Nothing doing, every one is dead quiet." "Sorry," replied the minister, "but they are here now."

The stork has been busy again and this time he left a ten-pound baby-boy to brighten the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Mackie, of Port Huron Mich. The little youngster arrived on April 19th, and they call him Raymond. Mrs. Mackie was formerly Miss Elsie Lockie, of Sarnia, and is a sister of Miss Alice Lockie, of the "Tunnel City."

If there is any good young single deaf man, who is experienced in farm work, desirous of obtaining steady work for the season at good wages, he would do well to write to Mr. Thomas A. Middleton, R. R. 3, Shelburne, Ont., for particulars. The country air up there is very nice and invigorating all the season round. Mr. and Mrs. William A. Wark, of Wyoming, motored to Sarnia on April 18th, and leaving their car at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jontie Henderson, took the ferry for Port Huron, Mich., to attend the funeral of a cousin of Mrs. Wark. They returned home the same evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Jontie Henderson, of Sarnia, enjoyed their first long auto drive in their new car this spring, by going out to Wyoming and returning on April 18th. They took a couple of friends along with them and covered over thirty-two miles.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

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Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.
Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.

Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.
Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.
Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.
Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.
Other Places by Appointments.

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Sabbath School—10 A.M.
Sermon—11 A.M.

Prayer meeting on first Wednesday evening of each month at 7:45 P.M.
Everybody Welcome.

DETROIT.

One of the best and most successful entertainments was given by the D. A. D., Sunday evening, April 5th, under the management of J. J. Heller, Gilbert Worley and Franklin Thomley. It was a moving picture show of the late Flint reunion and the unveiling of the N. F. A. D. Tablet. Those that failed to attend the reunion, managed to gaze up on the real thing for the small sum of 25 cents. Over a hundred turned out to do justice to the untiring efforts of the committee. They were mostly comprised of Canadians, who in return hope that Detroiters will reciprocate by attending their entertainments to raise funds for the coming Ontario Convention next summer.

Every deaf-mute who attended the Michigan School for the deaf, is lamenting the over the death of Prof. Willis Hubbard. He was a teacher at the Michigan School for 56 years before he was retired upon a pension. During the 27 years he has been on the retired list, he has made it a rule to keep up with the doings of the deaf, especially the N. D. D. The younger deaf remember him lovingly for his kind deeds in distributing fruit to them whenever he visited the school, which was quite frequently, as he was long a resident of Flint, Michigan. He attended the last Reunion last June.

The clipping below is from the *Detroit News*. Fred Pence is from Illinois and hardly ever mingles with the deaf. He is quoted by other deaf drivers as being in trouble before, as he is subject to certain kinds of spells. If he is found to be at fault for the accident, the police are liable to take his car and license away. This is rather a serious matter and the Detroit chapter of the M. A. D. should look into it. Detroit is a hard city for the Detroit Deaf to get driver's licenses and the officers of the M. A. D. know it.

WOMAN HIT BY AUTO

Fred Pence, 27, of 76 Ford Avenue, Highland Park a deaf-mute, was to be questioned today about the automobile accident in which his car killed Mrs. Christina Potenaka, 21, of 327 West End avenue, at West Jefferson and Dearborn Avenues, inflicting severe injuries.

Severus Seppennan, who has put up with the Hall Room problem for several years, is now happy and contented. His parents have removed to Detroit recently from Northern Michigan. A small mining town. Severus immediately and gladly made his home with the old folks.

Merton A. Fielding, president of the D. A. D., was in Chicago nine days with his little daughter. When he left with his parents. Upon his return home Sunday at midnight, he found his wife very sick at the Hospital. A ten-pound baby-boy arrived. Both mother and baby doing finely. His name is Merton H. Fielding.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ivor Friday, the stork left a 10-pound baby girl April 5th.

Mrs. Wilbur Wells left for her home in Southern Illinois to nurse her sick and father on his farm. She will be gone about one or two months.

A delightful birthday party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Engall, from 3 to 11 P.M. It was in honor of Mr. Engall. A deluge of friends came and stayed until the closing hour, 11 P.M. A sumptuous spread was had. Mr. Engall was presented with many useful gifts.

Miss Selma Schmidt has been laid up for a week with the Flu.

Marcus Osmandson and Frank Brown, of Royal Oak, Mich., went to St. Clair Heights to try their luck with the funny tribe.

Mr. Calveon W. Rhodes, of Metomora, Michigan, sold his farm for \$14,500 and turned to city life in Inkster, Mich., near Ford's River Rouge Plant, where he has secured work.

John Burgess, wife and two children, have gone to visit friends and parents in North Dakota for two months.

Gilbert Worley, who operates the D. A. D. picture machine, has a new Essex car.

During the five days shut down of the company, he motored to St. Joseph, Mich. to visit his parent. Then to Flint, Grand Rapids, Iowa, then home Sunday night, April 11th. He is back at the Hudson Motor Co. again.

Harold Lundgren was called from Flint, Mich., to return to his job as Lathe Hand at the Hudson Motor Co., after a five-month lay off.

F. E. RYAN.

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NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—In the JOURNAL of April 1st, I asked the members of the N. A. D. to send the Committee on Laws suggestions for amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws of the Association. After a careful study of the Constitution and By-Laws, I found that the Committee has no legal right to decide on amendments. The law requires that amendments must be submitted to the President of the Association in writing, and published by him in the leading newspapers for the deaf for at least sixty days before the meeting of the Association in National Convention, and then such amendments shall require a two-thirds vote, a quorum voting, for its adoption. In my article I pointed out the evils of proxy voting and suggested that a change be made. I intend to offer an amendment restoring the mail vote. Many members are dissatisfied with the proxy vote plan. A member (who belongs to a faction and has the presidential bee buzzing in his head), held seventy-eight proxies and virtually controlled the election of officers at the Atlanta Convention. If the Association decides to change the proxy voting system, it will be in force after the convention which is to be held in Washington, D. C., this summer.

There should be an amendment to the Constitution and By-Laws of the N. A. D. to the effect that at each convention the members shall decide upon the meeting place of the next convention. The Executive Committee selected Washington, D. C., as the meeting place of the convention.

While we entertain no personal objection to the selection of Washington as the next convention city, it is evident that the selection of Washington was in accord with President Roberts' personal preference, that there was no opportunity offered any other city following orderly parliamentary procedure, that there is no special reason for meeting in Washington—a section already surfeited with conventions, and where the N. A. D. can do the least to educate the public as to the deaf.

In the *Jewish Deaf*, one year ago, Mr. George W. Veditz, a former president of the N. A. D., made a suggestion that the N. A. D. conventions coincide with those of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf as to time and place. He did not mean that both the N. A. D. and the N. F. S. D. should meet as one body. He said that many of the deaf belong to both, but can not afford to attend both meetings held at different times and places, and that he believed that under the proposed arrangement the N. A. D. would gain many more members than it has now. The *Minnesota Companion* agreed with Mr. Veditz's views. I am of the opinion that it would be a good thing to have an amendment to the By-Laws of the N. A. D., making the conventions coincide with those of the N. F. S. D. as to time and place.

What is needed is a PROGRESSIVE, FEARLESS Board of officers. Nearly all the members of the present Board are connected with schools for the deaf. They have taken no heart in the fight for a better educational system in the schools for the deaf, because their bread and butter are in them. The wise course for the members is to elect officers of the Association who are not connected with the schools for the deaf and can do effective fighting for the welfare of the deaf. They should be chosen for fitness, integrity and capacity. I am of the opinion that every State in the Union should be represented on the Board of Officers.

The Association needs a leader. An organization without a leader is in the same plight as a ship without a pilot. In connection with the election of officers, this writer wishes to call your attention to the fact that a great many of the members of the N. A. D. favor the election of Mr. Alexander L. Pach, of New York City, to the office of president. They think that he is the right man for the office. If elected, he will give the best that is in him to further the aims of the Association. He understands the deaf and their needs. He is always ready to offer any assistance to promote the interests of the deaf. He is a gentleman of high attainments, refinement and good character.

ROBERT C. MILLER.

MORGANTON, N. C., April 15, 1926.

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